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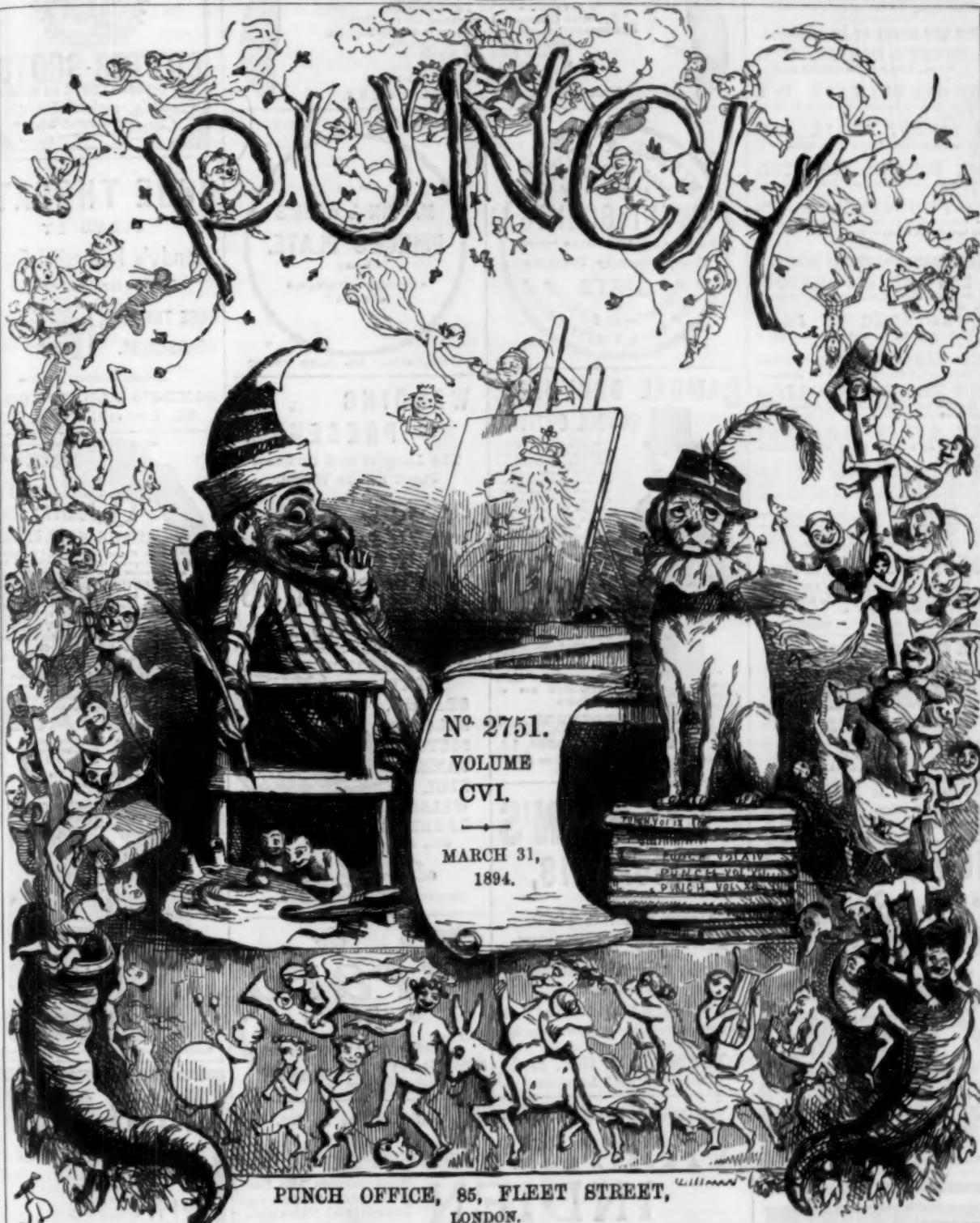
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## POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

## THE CONDUCTOR'S EYE.

AIR.—“*The Speaker's Eye.*”

[“Minor grievances, in their sum, make the greatest sorrows of life. Here is one, and not the smallest. I can never be sure of catching the eye of the conductor of an omnibus.”

Letter by “*Past Forty Year*,” in the “*Daily News*.<sup>”</sup>

MR. SIDNEY BROWN was a worthy “old bloke.”

Who lived in a suburb out of London’s smoke.

He had ‘bus’d it to town for thirty year,  
Till his legs got shaky, and his sight grew queer.But though he stuck to his shop like a leech,  
Times changed with him as they changed with each;For he found of late, howsoe’er he’d try,  
He could seldom catch the Conductor’s eye.

He seldom could catch—

(Whistle) *O phew! O phew!**O phew!*

He hardly could catch—

*O phew! O phew! O phew!*

He found it hard, confound it, yes,

To catch the Conductor’s eye!

The “cad” was once on the footboard found,  
Keeping of a sharp look-out around,  
But now he went clambering across the roof,

With a ting-ting clapper for the passenger’s oof;

Collecting fares with his musical clips,  
Or chatting with the driver about sporting tips.Poor BROWN would whistle, wave his gingham, and cry,  
But he could not catch that Conductor’s eye  
He could not catch, &c.He would stand on the kerbstone till his feet grew cold,  
A-hailing of the ‘busses that unheeding rolled.The driver whipped on with disdainful pride,  
As though the Conductor had yelled “Full hinside!”

When he looked at his watch BROWN was sick at heart,

For fear for his suburb he should never make a start.

He’d shout and he’d whistle, and he’d cry out “Hi”

But he could not catch the Conductor’s eye.  
He could not catch, &c.

And if by chance he obtained a seat,  
His conflobustication seemed yet more complete,  
For when he wanted near his home to alight,  
The Conductor was quite certain to be out of sight.  
He would whack with his broly on the roof, and shout,  
But once in that ‘bus, ‘twasn’t easy to get out.  
A quarter of a mile past his villa they would fly,  
Ere BROWN could catch the Conductor’s eye.  
He could not catch, &c.

Poor BROWN would sit with his Gladstone and his rug  
A-dreaming of old days so serene and snug.  
When the good old “knifeboard” had not to compete  
With spiral stairway and with garden-seat.  
When the genial Conductor was ever on his board,  
And time for pleasant gossip with his fares could afford;  
Ere the punch and the ticket made it vain to try  
To catch an invisible Conductor’s eye.  
He could not catch, &c.

One night, at the close of a dreary drowse,  
BROWN found he had travelled half a mile past his house;  
He tugged at the strap, and he yelled till hoarse,  
To attract the Conductor—on the roof, of course!  
Then he grasped his gingham, and he staggered to the door,  
And prodded at space for a minute or more,  
Till at last, lunging out with a fiendish cry,  
He caught the Conductor—bang in the eye!  
At last he’d caught, &c.

Then an awful silence filled that ‘bus,  
Whilst the blinded Conductor began for to cuss.  
He writhed and squirmed and screwed his face,  
And punched a penny ticket in the two-penny place.  
At last he cried, “You jolly old guy!  
You’ve stuck your broly in my bloomin’ heye!”  
Then BROWN he chortled with extreme delight,  
And said, “Confound you, and it serves you right!

I’ve caught at last—(whistles)  
I’ve caught at last—(whistles)  
At last, hooray! I’ve been and gone,  
And caught the Conductor’s eye!”

## LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

## A “THREE-CARD LAY.”

LONG ago in sweet September,  
Oh! the day I well remember,  
I was playing on the Links against the winsomest of maids:

In a “cup” my ball was lying,  
And the “divots” round were flying,  
And with eyes a-dance she said to me, “Your iron’s the King of Spades!”

Now a foe, on such occasion,  
Of the feminine persuasion,  
Fair and twenty to the game a sort of subtlety imparts;  
And I felt its potent glamour,  
And I answered with a stammer  
Shy and nervous, “It was rash of me to play the Queen of Hearts!”

Any further explanation  
Of my inward admiration  
Very likely had exposed me to the deadliest of snubs;  
But a snigger from behind me  
Just in time came to remind me  
Of the presence of my caddie—and I blessed the Knave of Clubs!

MRS. R. ON FISH DIET.—Our good friend has heard that many diseases can be traced to eating fish not absolutely fresh. “It’s very likely,” observed Mrs. R. thoughtfully, “though it never occurred to me till now to ask from what illness a herring had been suffering previous to its being cured. But I never again will eat any fish unless it can be guaranteed as quite fresh and well, or that it has been thoroughly cured. By the way, I know there are horse-doctors and dog-doctors, are there any regularly certified fish-doctors?” Her nephew suggested that if there were, they would be known as “Physicians.” Mrs. R. objected that he never could be serious for a minute; and for her part her motto as to this fish question would always be that “What can’t be cured oughtn’t to be endured.”

THE R.A. OF MUSIC.—The Evill Prize was awarded this year to REGINALD BROPHY.

REGINALD BROPHY

Gained the trophy.

And this being for the benefit of BROPHY, good does come out of Evill. REGINALD B. should henceforth adapt the royal motto, and read it thus, “*Honi soit qui bon y pense.*”

## Louis Rossuth.

BORN, IN HUNGARY, 1802.

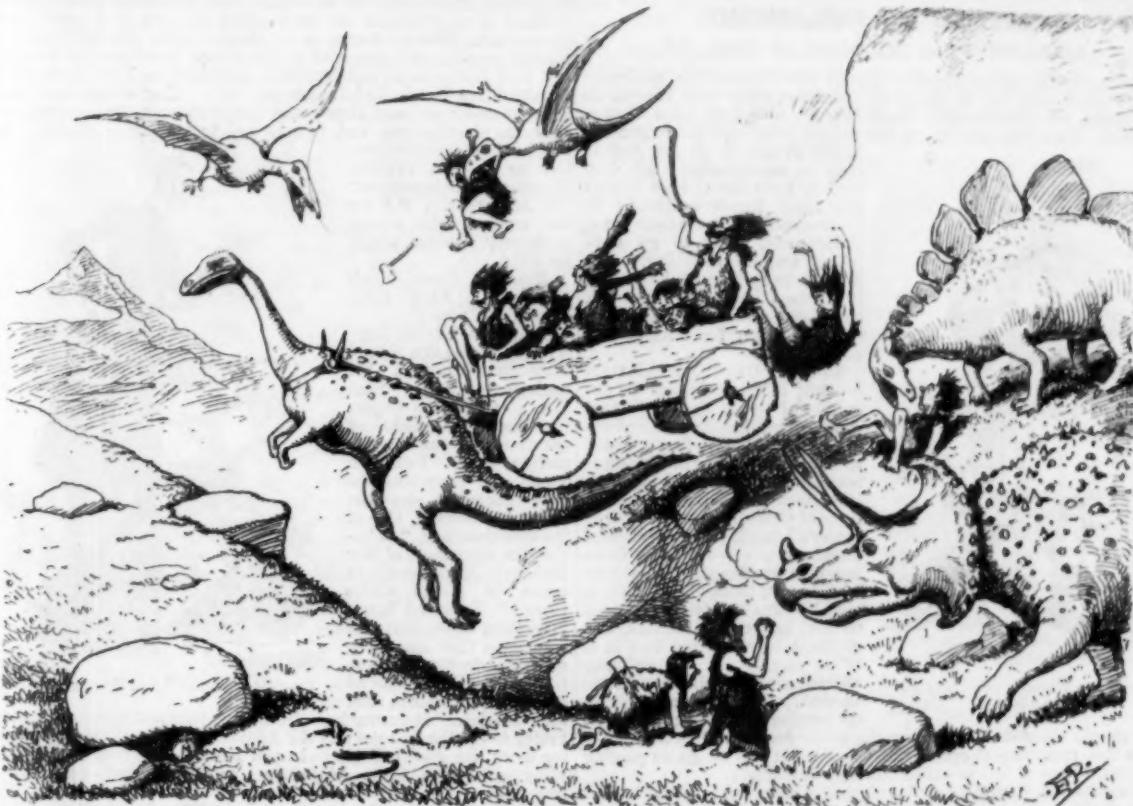
DIED, IN EXILE, 1894.

UNFLINCHING patriot and unfaltering foe  
Of lesser aims and compromises low,  
Stubborn, unpurchasable; thou at least  
Sate ne’er a syophant at Power’s feast.  
Consistent still through thy great length of days,  
Living, long since thou earnedst *Punch’s* praise.  
And though apart from the new Age’s strife  
Thou lingeredst out thy long and honoured life,  
An exile and a hermit, half forgot, [not  
Thy death moves many memories. Laurelled  
Midst the successful, thou shalt ever stand  
Foremost among that high heroic band  
Who yielded never, though foredoomed to fail,  
And though fate-baffled, knew not how to quail.  
Farewell! Thou art, in high or low estate,  
Of those great memories which make men great.

SHORTLY TO BE PUBLISHED.—Sensational Parliamentary Novel by the Earl of R-S-B-RY, *Lost in the Lords! or, the Story of a Bill!*



THE NEW NAVY HORNPipe : OR, UN SUCCÈS D'ESTIMATES.



## 'PREHISTORIC PEEPS.'

EVEN A LITTLE HOLIDAY OUTING IN THE COUNTRY WAS NOT WHOLLY FREE FROM RISK!

THE NEW NAVY HORNPIPE;  
OR, UN SUCCÈS D'ESTIMATES.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. J. L. Molloy.)

AIR—"The Sailor's Dance."

WHERE are they who said that his heels were  
And he'd never make a sailor? [lead,  
That he'd e'er be seen on a ship of the Queen,  
A-prance like a tipsey tailor?  
He responds to the ring of the Bosun's call,  
"For a dance, my lads, make ready!"  
The sun rides high in a True Blue sky,  
And the old ship's going steady.

Chorus.

For it's heel and toe to the flying bow,  
And it's all so bright and breezy!  
The Bear with France may join in a dance,  
But our Hornpipe beats them—easy!

To the Tar alone, the True Hornpipe's known,  
And it takes a Tar to dance it;  
And a tune well trilled by a messmate skilled  
Is the one thing to enhance it.

There is much more go in that fiddle and bow  
Big WILLIAM's briskly wielding  
Than some had thought, the true lilt he's  
caught,

And he hardly looks like yielding.

Chorus.

Ah, it's heel and toe to the tuneful bow, &c.  
Oh, it stirs the blood in the heart of a Salt,  
And it sets his pulses flying,  
To hear feet fall without fudge or fault,  
To the catgut's crisp clear crying.

See the Admiral smile, as, in good old style,  
Those feet trip smart and skittish.  
Not a jig or reel, but true toe and heel,  
To a tune that's bold and British.

Chorus.

For it's heel and toe to the flying bow, &c.  
Bold Red-Beard, you are the pick o' the crew,  
No shirking, *Jeremy Diddler*!  
So our hearts are eased, and old *Punch* is  
pleased,  
So say a good word for the Fiddler.  
Slide, shuffle and skip, cut, tramp and trip!  
And the tune so fleet and flowing!  
These boys will be the pride o' the Ship—  
If they'll only keep it going!

Chorus.

Oh, it's heel and toe to the flying bow,  
And it's all so bright and breezy!  
The Bear and France may pair off in a dance,  
But our Hornpipe beats 'em—easy!

DOES the beneficent Dental Hospital of  
London stand in need of a President? If so,  
why not "Mr. ARTHUR TOOTH"? His "draw-  
ings" are in everybody's mouth.

"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS 'IBIS'."—If this  
motto had been adopted, the *Ibis* ought to  
have been the safest vessel anywhere.

SEX IN FISH.—The ordinary Sole is mas-  
culine. The feminine is a *Femme Sole*.

## A LAY OF EASTER EGGS.

(By a Lucky Little Lady.)

Not the Great Auk itself, not *Sindbad's* Roc,  
Made such a lay  
As Liberal Love has added to my stock  
This Easter Day!  
Some Moa—nay, that's too much like *some*  
*more*!

My eggs are full,  
But not of meat; a miscellaneous store;  
All care could cull  
From *Sindbad's* valley—or a jeweller's shop,  
Toymen or cutler;  
The sweet pearl pendent or the diamond drop;  
Or, sweeter, subtler,  
The rubied golden circlet; garters, gloves  
(*WHEELER's* and *DENT's*);  
Brooches and bangles, bracelets, lockets—  
loves!

Kerchiefs and scents.  
On all the season's joys, without expense  
I am a feaster!  
Ah! of all poultry I prefer the hens  
That lay at Easter!

MUSICAL JEST.—Miss MARIE WURM's quartet was played at the Musical Artists Society by MESSRS. BUZLAX (so busy, O!), KORNFELT (poor chap! what twinges while playing!), CONTIN (a Continental), and BELINSKI (a name suggestive of the beautiful far above earth, i.e., *Bel in sky*). They did their very best, worked hard, and observed that it was "Wurm work."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 19.*—GRANDOLPH evidently resolved to give up to House of Commons what once seemed to be meant for Newmarket. Most diligent attendant since Session opened. Feels that now Mr. G. has retired, other old Parliamentary hands should be on the spot to help in emergencies. All very well to have the CAP'EN behind the front Bench constantly in Parliamentary sou'wester and waterproofs, ready to go anywhere and do anything. But TOMMY, in spite of all he knows, is comparatively new Member, and Leader of House looks in other quarters for counsel and assistance.



"A rum 'un to follow, and a Haward-'un to beat."

disregards mandate. Still, been the usage for more than century to pass this resolution at opening of new Session; so we go on passing it towards end of this so-called Nineteenth Century.

GRANDOLPH, impatient of this absurdity, resolved to-night to deal it a death blow; and succeeds. The point of satire so fine and so

gravely presented that

he found himself pretty well abused all round.

"A trumpery proceeding," said the SQUIRE of MALWOOD.

"An empty resolution,"

echoed HENRY JAMES.

GRANDOLPH adroitly

based his operation on

visit of the GRAND

YOUNG MAN to Edin-

burgh. It happened that

since the meeting was

arranged vacancy

befell in representation

of Leith. Leith is not

Edinburgh, any more

than it's the rose. But

it lives near it. So

GRANDOLPH, with

pretty affectation of

horror, denounced our

Premier, "a Lord of

Parliament, First Lord

of the Treasury, Presi-

dent of the Council,

Lord Lieutenant of the

County of Midlothian"

—"Sounds like a toast

at the Mansion House,"

said BIDDULPH MARTIN,

smacking his lips with

many pleased recollec-

tions)—for infringing

the liberties and privi-

leges of the Commons

of the United Kingdom.

The SQUIRE, who,

since he has come into

leadership of House,

declines to see a joke in anything, took GRANDOLPH *au sérieux*. "There is no precedent for such action on part of a peer," said GRANDOLPH, with his tongue in his cheek. "Oh, indeed!" said the SQUIRE gravely, and proceeded to cite a case in which the MARKISS and Lord ROTHSCHILD had lent their carriages to JOHN AIRD when he stood for North Paddington in 1887. The matter had been brought under notice of House, and OLD MORALITY, then leader, with approval of colleagues and friends, had treated it as absurd. All this hard on GRANDOLPH; but he has his reward. His amendment negatived; but next Session will see the end of the musty mummery against which he tilted.

*Business done.*—Much talk round Navy Estimates. No vote.

*Tuesday.*—Cap'en TOMMY put UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH through his pacings to-night. Sent him a prodigious paper, including multitude of questions designed to ascertain what UGHTRED would do supposing he were ordered to clear the decks for action. One of the questions was, "Whether the signalmen of Her Majesty's ships would in action be posted under cover?" Expected SHUTTLEWORTH to say that was a question that should be addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL. He thought of it on the staircase, but then too late. Moreover had already run into and smashed TOMMY. Pretty to see the Secretary to the Admiralty, a very Civil Lord, bearing down like some tall A'miral upon TOMMY bucketing about in the offing. "It's like, the *Magnificent* or the *Majestic* going for a torpedo-boat," says PENN, who knows all about the new ships.

House roared when Secretary to Admiralty, with bland politeness which Peter Simple's messmate, Mr. Chucks the Bo'sun, could not have excelled, told TOMMY "if he wished to convey any suggestion or instruction to the Board of Admiralty or to the Commanders of Her Majesty's Fleets on the subject of their duties in the preparation of a fleet for battle, we shall receive his suggestions with the consideration they deserve." A broadside that would have sunk many a gunboat; but TOMMY B., irrepressible, peppered away again before he sheered off to prepare another examination paper for the Secretary.

Debate on Naval Estimates going on through sitting; disclosed customary state of things. HARLAND, whose firm built the magnificent White Star fleet, took up his parable against the British navy. Had looked over the latest built battle-ships and cruisers, and behold! they were very bad. "Build them longer and narrower," says he. EDWARD REED, some



THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED!

To First Commissioner of Works enter a familiar figure.

"Now, Herry, my boy, have you got such a thing as a job in my line in the Parks, eh? Precious tired of doing nothing, I can tell you!"



The "Magnificent" and the "Majestic."

time Chief Constructor of the Navy, not less high authority, said just reverse. "Build your ships shorter and wider," says he, looking up at First Lord of Admiralty sitting distracted in crow's nest over clock.

"And now," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "the doctors differing, let us agree to pass the vote;" which they did.

*Business done.*—Navy Estimates voted. URGED SHUTTLEWORTH having got the ships, got the men, and got the money too.

*Saturday.*—Appropriation Bill passed; all made snug for financial year; House adjourned for Easter Holidays. HERBERT GLADSTONE here, looking a little worried.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Getting tired already of being First Commissioner of Works?"

"Well, not in a general way, you know," he said forlornly; "but there's a little thing that's worrying me a bit. It's the dear old Pater. Hadn't been at the Board of Works twenty-four hours when letter comes post-haste from Brighton, asking me for job in the Parks, or anywhere, headis. He's tired of being idle, and says he's willing to turn his hand to anything. Don't like to refuse him. But if I find him a job, sure to be talk about it in the House. HANBURY will say I am providing for my family at the expense of the nation."

*Business done.*—First section of new Session gone like a whiff.

### TO AN EARLY-RISING SPARROW.

*A Lie-a-bed Lay by the Lazy Lier.*

DUSTY little specimen of common ornithology,

Why this early rising from your elevated nest?

Surely, dirty dickey-bird, you owe me an apology,

Cutting short the heaven of a Club-frequenter's rest,

True, your situation is rather mortary and bricky, bird,

Lending little comfort to a dissipated head;

Still, it is not absolutely necessary, dickey-bird,

Thus to tell your neighbours when you're getting out of bed.



Why should you, a sparrow, have  
your every movement signified?

Don't imagine, dickey, that all  
insects are the same.

Beetles have a manner that is emi-  
nently dignified,

So have other creatures that I  
hesitate to name.

Move they on their missions with  
funereal solemnity,

Emulating Somnus by their quiet-  
ness and tact,

You, because your wings afford  
aerial indemnity,

Seem to think it clever to be rather  
less exact.

Cease, I beg, that chirruping, like  
unrepaired machinery—

Squeaking, whose intensity all  
other noises drown;

If you are excited at the absence  
here of greenery,

Surely there is plenty in the or-  
chards out of town!

If a lack of worms and things immediately distresses you,

Worms and things can always be discovered on the ground!

Truly, 'tis a puzzle to imagine what possesses you,

Dickey-bird, to make this most abominable sound.

Say you that the remedy I hold, and have neglected it?

Hint you that, if up and dressed, I would not heed your squeak?

That's your ignorance, you know. I must say I expected it!

That's the way you lower classes generally speak?

Does it not occur to you that you and I proceed to bed

Scarcely at a similar position of the sun,—

You, when he is *setting*, showing readiness to speed to bed:

I, when he his lighting job has only just begun?

Probably you'll tell me that I ought to sing a glee with you,

Welcoming the dawning of another blessed day?

There, my young ornithic friend, I wholly disagree with you;

Nothing would induce me to go on in such a way—

Save if by some awkward transmigrationary blundering,

I should ever find myself inclined to do it too:

Then, no doubt, the world would have another fellow wondering

Why I wasn't slaughtered—as I'd like to slaughter you!

"YES," says Mrs. R., "I like the spring, with its violets and primroses; but for colouring, give me the autumn tinctures!"

### AU REVOIR TO PANTOMIME.

THE Pantomime Season is over in London. Provincially, the Pantomime Plant sometimes flourishes for some time longer. We have had two Pantomimes, one at Drury Lane and one at the Lyceum, and both must have been more or less damaged at first by the gigantic show of *Constantinople* marvellously worked by BOSSY KIRALFY. At the Lyceum, *Cinderella* was much nearer the extravaganzas of ancient VESTRIS and MATTHEWS days, the days of PLANCHÉ and DANCE, for PLANCHÉ did so much work alone that to bring in a DANCE was quite a relief to him—than it was to a modern Pantomime. It was in two acts; which is a novelty, as Pantomimes are not usually in acts, and in this respect it resembled some of the ancient, elegant, fairy-tale extravaganzas; and it could have done perfectly well, if not better, without the Harlequinade.



The "Harlequinade" is not played out if it could only have some startling mechanical changes and some really good comic scenes for *Clown* and *Pantaloons*. It is not played out if, in addition to fulfilling the above requirements, it could be made to form part and parcel of the story, if the transformation scene were not made the culminating point of the show, and if the entire performance, beginning at a reasonable hour, say eight, could be over by eleven to the minute. At the same time an extravaganza, which means a fairy story prettily and well played, well sung, without any music-hall ditties, and with the most fanciful transformation scenes and the most grotesque changes that can be imagined and effectively given, would be as safe to attract as did those of "long, long ago," which Mr. OSCAR BARRETT evidently took as his model. This style of thing would not do for Drury Lane, *cela va sans dire*, or for Covent Garden, but for a theatre like the Lyceum.

### A VADE MECUM FOR "MORTAR-BOARDS."

(Compiled by a Bigot with rather strong Prejudices.)

*Question.* Why should London have an University?

*Answer.* Because Oxford and Cambridge are within an hour or so of town.

*Q.* Have not the colleges on the Isis and the Cam been hitherto considered sufficient?

*A.* Certainly; and that is the reason why London is to have colleges of her own.

*Q.* Of whom will the governing body be composed?

*A.* Of all sorts and conditions of men. The London County Council are to fraternise with Convocation, and the Inns of Court are to pull together with the Physicians and the Surgeons.

*Q.* Can you say from what quarter the first row will emanate?

*A.* Probably from the Surgeons, who had a dreadful quarrel in Lincoln's Inn Fields only a year or so ago.

*Q.* Will the Inns of Court get on nicely?

*A.* Not if they squabble as much about the University Government as they have over their Bar examinations.

*Q.* Are not the British Museum and the Royal Agricultural Society also to be represented?

*A.* Certainly; and no doubt the spokesmen of these two "interests" (with the kind assistance of the Engineers and the Meros) will make confusion worse confounded.

*Q.* What advantages are expected from the carrying out of the scheme?

*A.* That Upper Tooting College will compete with Trinity, Cambridge, and Lower Bayswater Hall challenge comparison with Christ Church, Oxford.

*Q.* And what effect will the Town Establishment have upon "the Blues"—dark and light?

*A.* None.

*Q.* Do you mean to say that Oxford and Cambridge will hold their own?

*A.* Certainly. Men who would have gone to the Universities on the Isis and the Cam will "continue the movement," while those who wouldn't will be satisfied with "the Varsity" on the Lower Thames.

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## A LARGE ORDER.

"A—LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY WIFE. SHE DANCES!"

## SETTING THE "TABLEAU."

*A Scene Just Before Curtain Rising.*

*Mr. Stage Manager (aside).* Dear, dear! They want a deal of arranging, and time's nearly up. *(Aloud.)* Now, ladies and gentlemen, fall into places, if you please. Curtain's just about to be rung up for the Grand Tableau

## "THE UNITED KINGDOM."

Most important, you know, we should show no disunion in doing it. *Miss Cambria (pettishly).* Oh, that's all very well, but I'm awfully uncomfortable in this position. Can't I come just a shade more to the front.

*Miss Hibernia (aside).* Oh, of course! Forward, puss! Thinks to put me in the background, I suppose. *We shall see.* *(Aloud.)* You know you told me, Mr. MANAGER, that I should—

*Mr. Stage Manager.* Oh yes, yes, yes! That will be all right. But I must group you so as to get the best effect from the front. A little less stiff, if you please, Mr. BULL!

*Mr. Bull.* Humph! If I'd been *stiff*, as you call it, I should have stood out altogether, I think. I've been in the background long enough. *Stiff*, indeed!

*Mr. Sandy.* Well, you *do* look a little wooden, JOHN, I must say.

*Mr. Bull (hotly).* Wooden? I like *that*. Why you're the very image of the Highlander outside a tobacconist's. And if that's not wooden—

*Mr. Stage Manager.* Now gentlemen, please, no talking. This is a tableau, remember, not a patter-play.

*Miss Hibernia.* Quite so, Mr. MANAGER! Mr. BULL always puts us out with his loud talk. Thinks because he is big and strong he's to play "the predominant partner" all the time.

*Miss Cambria.* I hate such arrogant, bouncing ways! Better be "little," I think, provided you are also "gallant."

*Mr. Sandy.* He! he! Fancies he can do the "United Kingdom" all by himself, and that the other figures do not count. Won't even learn that England doesn't mean Great Britain, often as I have to remind him of it.

*Mr. Bull (softly).* Bah! you're a cantankerous, separatist, provincial, unpatriotic lot!

*Mr. Stage Manager.* Pray, pray ladies and gentlemen, stop talking, and take your respective positions.

*All.* Yes, but what *are* our respective positions?

*Mr. Stage Manager.* I will show you. *(Arranges the four figures in an impressive group, pushing this one forward a little, very gently pushing another a shade back, straightening a back here, bending a limb there, turning a face, lifting a chin, shaping a drapery.)* There! That's better. Except the expressions of your faces. They will never do! Smile, Mr. BULL, as in proud, placid confidence. No, no, that's the pride *without* the placidity. Look boldly out, but do not clench your jaws or knit your brows. And you, Mr. SANDY, a shade less sourness—if I may say so—would make you look more genial and—ahem!—Scotch! Not quite so much prickly thistly *nemo me impune lacesset* about it you know. *Miss CAMBRIA*, my dear, as the prominent figure—

*The other Three (together).* Oh, indeed!!!

*Mr. Stage Manager (blandly and deprecatingly).* —in this particular tableau, for the moment, do not hide more of the other figures with your cloak and hat than you are obliged to. And now, if you please, all of you, fancy you are having your photos taken for your—ahem!—sweethearts, and look as pleasant as ever you can!

*All.* Oh, I daresay! When we are all as cramped and uncomfortable as possible!

*Mr. Stage Manager (gently).* Well, you know, tableaux are always just a little trying—to the muscles and nerves. But I do want our "Living Picture" to be a success, and I'm sure you will all share with me the desire that it should be so. Now, then, do not shift or change your relative positions, and, oh! *Miss HIBERNIA* (*seductively*) before I ring up the Curtain, just a *leettle* shade further back, if you please, my dear!

*(Curtain rises.)*

**CURIOS OPERATION.**—In a recent Scotch trial held at the Court of Session, Edinburgh, Lord KYLLACHY, in answer to a question, replied, "I do not think I can compel the witness to be recognized." Mrs. R. was much puzzled on reading this. Of Pug-nosed, Roman-nosed, Grecian-nosed, Snub-nosed persons she has heard, and knew some personally. *But they were born so*, and she should like to ask what possible law there could be, even in Scotland—which was, she believed, still a snuff-taking country—that could compel a change in anybody's nose.



## SETTING THE “TABLEAU.”

SIR WILLIAM (*Stage Manager, addressing Miss Frix*). “BEFORE WE RING UP—A LITTLE FURTHER BACK, MY DEAR.”





"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

*Spooney (to hated rival about to jump a harmless fence). "WARE WIRE, SIR!"*

THE BALLAD OF THE OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

CHARING CROSS—penny all the way,  
Hyde Park and Kensington,  
Hammersmith—Holborn, did you say?  
No, Miss, the yaller one.

Third time to-day St. Paul's we quit  
In this red omnibus,  
And many weary hours of it  
Are still in front of us.

Nearly a quarter of an hour  
Behind, as sure as fate!  
And here comes on a thunder-shower,  
Uncommon sharp and straight.

And them two sweethearts on the roof  
Without a gamp! But note,  
Because she's got no waterproof,  
He's lent her his top-coat!

And she is not afraid she'll spill,  
I gather from her eye;  
So they're waiting with a peaceful smile  
Until the clouds roll by.

But the old lady on the right,  
In furs, I can't abide;  
She's shrieking out, in tones of spite,  
She wants to go inside!

"You should 'ave gone at first. Too late,  
Mum!" Room outside for one—  
For Piccadilly, Hyde Park Gate,  
Hammersmith, Kensington.

There's some gets down at Charing Cross,  
But I won't tell her this;  
Her costume won't be any loss!  
She'll just stay where she is.

Those two—I might give them the tip!  
They've got no blooming furs,  
And I see the rain begin to drip  
From that nice 'at of 'ers!

"Room inside, presently, for two,  
Lady," I murmur low.  
Old woman looks as if she knew,  
Although she couldn't know!

So down at Charing Cross they get,  
That pair, and step inside,  
And passing by the Haymarket,  
Up Regent Street we glide.

But in Piccadilly there's a block,  
Close to St. James's Park,  
And we wait five minutes by the clock,  
As stranded as the Ark!

From the bus in front turns round to jeer  
A Kilburn chap perverse,  
And we wrangle for a bit, to cheer  
The drooping passengers!

Then on again. The raindrops cease,  
And there's blue sky to see,  
Along St. James's Park the trees  
Are green as they can be.

And soon those two get out. I know.  
The sun's begun to shine.  
They'll stroll along in Rotten Row,  
And by the Serpentine.

A pleasant thing, mid alleys green  
To ramble up and down!  
There is a girl I've sometimes seen  
Away in Camden Town.

I wonder would she walk with me?  
Only it don't seem right  
To ask her, when one's never free  
Until the dead of night!

TEACHING THE STRANGER HOW TO ARGUE.

(A Fragment from the Next "History of the Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century.")

THE Intelligent Foreigner accompanied his guide into the chosen birth-place of Education. For a few minutes they could hear nothing, as the noise was so great.

"It is simply disgraceful!" cried one of the disputants. "Infamous! infamous! infamous!" yelled another. "Hounds! soundrels and knaves!" screamed a third. "Come on, I defy you all!" bawled a fourth. "Give it them! Down with them! Out with them!" howled the excited occupants of the public gallery.

"Let us come away," cried the Intelligent Foreigner through a speaking-trumpet.

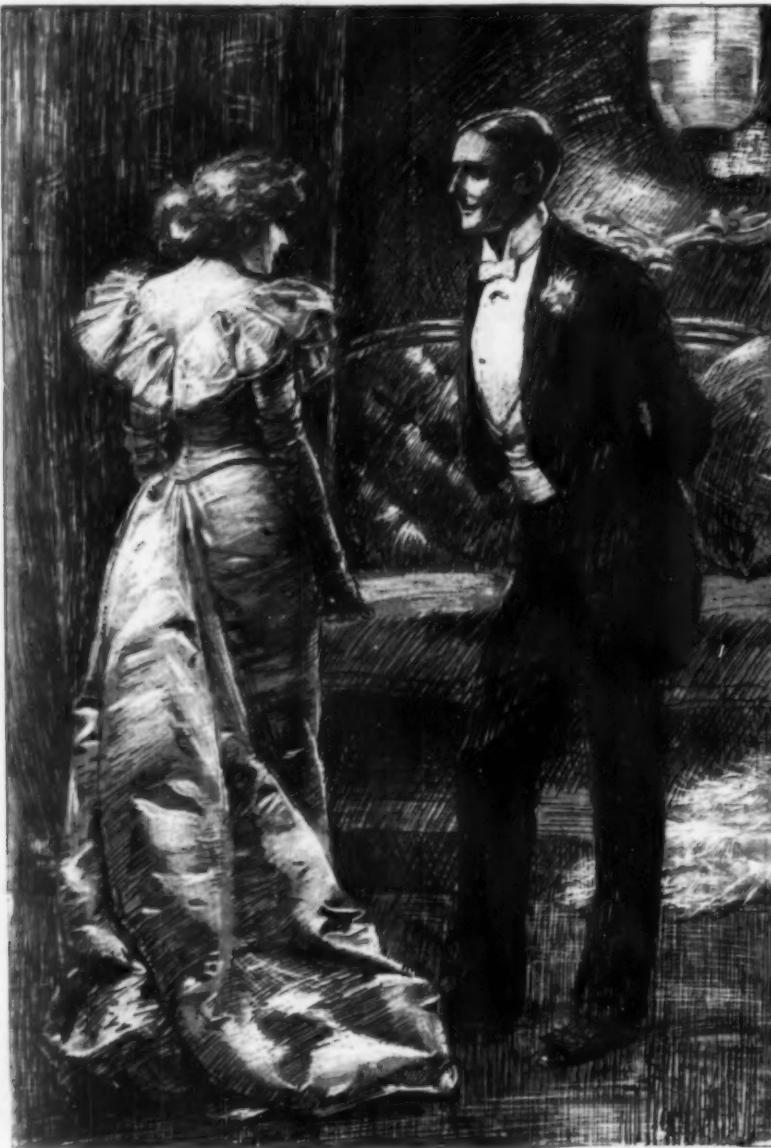
"Perhaps it would be better," replied his guide, who had been able to make out his companion's suggestion with the aid of an ear-trumpet.

"Dear me," murmured the Intelligent Foreigner when he was once more safely promenading the Victoria Embankment. "What were they quarrelling about?"

"Oh, they were scarcely quarrelling," explained his guide; "the School Board were only calmly discussing a religious question."

Upon hearing this the Intelligent Foreigner returned to his own country in Central Africa, where debates were conducted in a more dignified manner.

NEW SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT. — "The Booby Mines Co., Unlimited." Also, "The Irregular Investment and General Loss Guarantee'd Co."



*Nervous Youth (to Fair Débutante). "Er—I must congratulate you on your appearance, Miss Godolphin!" Fair Débutante (flattered). "Oh, thanks, Mr. Young!" Nervous Youth (hastily). "Of course—er—I only mean your first appearance, you know!"*

#### THE LATEST QUOTATIONS.

MR. GRANT ALLEN suggests that capitalists should put their money into *brains*, and endow thinkers. Why not have a Literary Stock Exchange at once, and turn each writer into a Company? Criticism would be beautifully simplified, while authors, publishers, and public would mutually know "where they are." Subjoined are some paragraphs extracted from the *Financial Punch* of the middle of next week.

There was a very brisk inquiry yesterday on 'Change for Rising Novelist Shares, but New Humorist Debentures drooped to a certain extent. Weymans were temporarily on the up grade, while Caffyns (Iota Stock) had a healthy

look, though whether this is well-founded is open to dispute. Bensons still showed signs of inflation, and Zangwills were moderately cheerful, owing to a continued demand for *Ghetto* Issues. Grands receded somewhat, owing to the drain on this stock last year. A further advance has been freely predicted in Egertons and Kernahans; these bonds have, however, for the moment eased off fractionally, operators for the rise fighting shy of the present glut in psychological securities.

The Established Authors Market closed quiet but firm, with a tolerably strong buying tendency in "futures." One-per-Cent. Merediths were a shade harder, while Indian and Pennsylvanian converted Kiplings showed a moderate advance

on shorts. Haggards (Mexican and African Consolidated), Hardys (Wessex Goldmine), and Bessants Deferred on the whole maintained an active sale. O'Rells ruled "bullish," and there was a speculative account for the fall in Ibsens and other foreign securities. In spite of an animated competition between two rival jobbers, Tolstoia declined after the previous rush, and Copyright Debentures of the last issue were to a certain extent off colour.

Insiders prophesy no immediate variation in Twains, Bret Hartes, and Blacks (Highland Obligations). There will probably, however, be some slight fluctuation in Stevensons, Q's, and Corellis. Grant Allen Ordinary were the turn above par, but the same Company's Preference Stock found no buyers. A steady advance was maintained in Bradfords. Ouidas were hazardous, though Zolas were less risky than usual, as it is rumoured among those who know that the forthcoming Lourdes series of Coupons will be an exceptionally safe investment. Schreiners Unified were in favour with a limited public. Minor Poet investments have been much watered of late on limited clique sales, and continue languid. They are undoubtedly somewhat difficult to "bear."

The List of Applications will open on Monday, April 2 (All Fools' Day being Sunday), for shares in a new Journalist. We prefer not to give the list of Directors. According to the abridged prospectus, the Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the rights for London and twenty miles round in a new Collector of Town Refuse, who is the originator of a novel and rapid system of converting the same into pars of statutory length. Amongst his assets are an assortment of political convictions (slightly damaged, but reversible), a complete set of *canards* (newly hatched), fifteen pawn-tickets, and a pending libel case. An interim dividend of a farthing in the pound will be declared at an early opportunity. A solicitor to the Company has not yet been found.

**AN UN-LECKY REMARK; OR, A CATASTROPHE AVERTED.**—MR. LECKY protested recently in the *Observer* that he "never believed, or heard, or said, that JACOB CATS inspired SHAKSPERE"; but he did say, he admits, "that the popularity of CATS in Holland was almost like that of SHAKSPERE in England." SHAKSPERE was fond of Cats though not of a "fine puse-gentleman"—which sounds like TOM CAT, Esq.—and he has many a good word "to throw to a dog." On one celebrated occasion he was inspired by a pack of hounds, but never by a troop of Cats.

**ISYMBOLICAL.**—"Lord ROSEBERY," said *The World* last week, "will probably go down to Battle for a couple of days." He will certainly have to come up for "battle" for the next three months. After his first nasty one from WAMBALABBY the Jester, it is to be hoped the PREMIER will "come up smiling."

MRS. R. cannot think why people are speaking of "the sensible addition to the Income-tax" expected in the Budget. "Any addition," says Mrs. R., "is senseless."

## LAYS OF THE CURRENCY.

IV.—“PRICE SIXPENCE.”  
I SING a song, it has been done  
before;  
I could not (if I would) with  
truth deny it.  
We have our minor poets by the  
score,  
Who make somehow a decent  
living by it.  
In point of fact I do myself—  
that's more  
Or less, and so could you were  
you to try it.  
It's pleasant thus to earn (when  
in a fix) pence,  
So that is why I sing a Song of  
Sixpence.  
Oh, not for me (I'm glad to say)  
to sing  
Of that abnormal pocketful of  
rye;  
I fondly hope and quite believe  
the King  
Used language suitable to such  
a pie.  
No doubt he stormed and swore  
like anything,  
And blew the wicked cook up  
—to the sky.  
My song is different. Somehow  
Nursery Rhymes  
Seem quite unsuited to these  
modern times.  
With Sixpence now you get a  
ladies' journal,  
News-crammed up to the very  
brim, where no thing  
Too sacred is to print. It seems  
eternal  
Is woman's interest in her—  
inward clothing.  
How pleasant it would be if one  
could spurn all  
These things sartorial. I con-  
fess with loathing



## ATHLETICS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Master (to Brown Secundus, who is doing a little private practice).  
“How's this, Brown! OUT OF SCHOOL? WHAT FOR?”  
Brown Secundus (innocently). “SPRAINED WRIST, SIR!”

These robed and hatted columns  
never fail  
To fill—well, one who's only a  
mere male.

Or Sixpence buys for you a pic-  
ture paper.  
You (if you're famous) find  
your portrait there  
Displayed in such a way that  
every gaper  
Can you see 'mid a bevy of the  
fair.

You're next a girl who knows  
well how to drape her  
Delightful limbs—*une dan-  
seuse première*.  
Your likeness isn't like you, but  
your fame  
Consists in this—they always  
print your name.

Along with papers of the hum-  
bler penny,  
The bookstalls now are all  
heaped up on high  
With those that cost you six, all  
seeking any  
Sensation like to catch your  
roving eye.  
To tell the truth, they've got  
to be so many,  
You hardly know which one  
is best to buy.  
Though should you wish to keep  
your loose (or lax) pence,  
Remember each you get means  
“Bang goes Saxpence!”

“WILL THE BRITISH MUSEUM  
REMAIN WHERE IT NOW IS?”—  
Certainly; it is so strongly at-  
tached to its present situation,  
that it will stay just where it  
is, in spite of “powers” being  
given to it to add to itself two  
new wings, and to take several  
flights (of stairs).

## A HOLIDAY TASK FOR THE EASTER VACATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—As you always look after us fellows, will you say a good word for us at Easter? Everyone knows that we don't have too many holidays, but it seems a beastly shame to handicap the little vacation we are allowed by setting us holiday tasks. However, if we are to have them, let us answer them as we please, in a cheery, light-hearted spirit appropriate to the occasion. To teach you what I mean I will jot down a few questions to show you how I think they ought to be treated, and when I write myself I feel sure that I am speaking for a lot of chaps who share my opinion.

## HOLIDAY QUESTIONS WITH MODEL ANSWERS.

## HISTORY.

Question. Who was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Answer. A Johnny who came over to England to have a tussle with HAROLD, and got the best of it at Hastings.

Q. What was the result of the Battle of Hastings?

A. That everything was made ship-shape for no end of a time, and consequently caused it to be unnecessary to consider events until the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA.

Q. What do you know about the Normans?

A. Chaps in armour, who became the ancestors of anyone claiming respectability at the end of the Nineteenth Century.

Q. What were the provisions of Magna Charta?

A. Not generally known, but if there were a luncheon party at Runnymede, probably venison from the New Forest.

Q. Who was RICHARD THE FIRST?

A. A King of England who was fond of music. He killed a lion, was taken prisoner, and discovered by BLUNDEL, probably from MAPLE. Fond of fighting, and was a friend of Sir WALTER SCOTT, who put him in *Iranhoe*.

Q. Give the principal events from the commencement of the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST up to the present time.

A. Execution of CHARLES THE FIRST. Death of Queen ANNE. Battle of Trafalgar. Battle of Waterloo. Accession of the QUEEN.

The Crimean War. The Indian Mutiny. Marriage of the PRINCE OF WALES. Marriage of the DUKE OF YORK. Commencement of the Easter Holidays.

## GEOGRAPHY.

Q. Name some of the principal places of interest in London.

A. The theatres: Olympia; the Crystal Palace. The *table d'hôte* at the Grand Hotel. Madame Tussaud's. Lord's Cricket Ground. The Oval. The Army and Navy Stores; and the tops of all the omnibuses.

Q. Give the names of the most important towns in England.

A. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Felsted, Radley, Godalming, and West Kensington.

Q. Specify the principal exports and imports of Great Britain.

A. Don't know.

Q. What causes the creation of an island in latitudes where volcanoes are in constant eruption?

A. Don't care.

There, Mr. Punch, if we might floor our papers as above mentioned, a holiday task would become quite a little holiday pleasure. Do your best for us. We always take you in during term time, and, when we come home, get the governor to buy a couple of copies—one for himself, one for us. So you see you owe us something. One good turn deserves another.

Your affectionate little friend, JONES MINOR.

THE AGRA BANK.—The rupee is down a penny since November. It is now worth one shilling and twopence instead of one and three pence. The prospects of the A. B. were declared at the last meeting, as reported in the *Times*, to be “encouraging,” but the past history latterly appears to have been rather Agra-vating. “Well, after all,” says ROBERT the Valet, “'tis only Agra-vating for better times.”

GOOD NEWS, IF TRUE, AS TO THE ROSEBERRY CONSTITUTION.—It is said that the sore places have been Healy'd up.

## TO A "V-SHAPED DEPRESSION."

In meteorological reports  
Thou comest to us, mostly from the West,  
And any individual who sports  
A decent topper is, like thee, depressed.

O sad Depression, ruinous to gamps,  
The broad Atlantic would not feel so much  
Thy moist and mournful influence that damps  
The moist and mournful Briton with its touch

Then pause at times, and make the sad sea waves  
Yet sadder and yet wetter than they are,  
And send us not to inundated graves,  
With cough and cold, consumption and catarrh.

Yet, if thou comest, change at least thy name,  
V-shaped Depression—scientific sound!  
Warm vernal showers once so softly came,  
And coaxed the crocus from the moistened ground.

Poor Poetry is dead; ring out her knell.  
Stern Science simply crushed her long ago.  
That Science lives, "V-shaped Depressions" tell;  
That Poetry is dead, these verses show.

## "ADVICE GRATIS."

MY DEAR BRIEFLLESS.—I have long been puzzled by the want of success accorded to you in our mutual profession. This is certainly not the result of lack of assiduity on your part. You are punctual and regular in your attendance in Court. On the occasions when you have addressed it, so far as my experience goes, you have shown yourself equal to the occasion. It is true that I personally only remember two such, but doubtless there have been many others. Those to which I allude are, first, when you rose in the Queen's Bench Division to complain of a draught, and Mr. Justice — at once granted your application, and made an order directing the usher to close a window. Second, when, being the senior barrister present, you rose to congratulate Mr. Baron — on his return to the Bench. [He had risen, you will remember, half an hour earlier than the usual time on the previous afternoon, owing to a somewhat premature increase to his domestic responsibilities.]

It is true that his Lordship, after you had spoken, observed that "it was a private matter, and ought not to form the subject of public allusion"; but I can never forget the dignity with which you replied, "My Lord, that which concerns you concerns the nation." You had, I remember, resumed your seat even before

His Lordship requested you to do so. So that the report, as it appeared in the papers, that you were "ordered to sit down," and resumed your seat accordingly, is not correct.

How is it, then, that your efforts have not been crowned with success? My dear BRIEFLLESS, you will not be offended with me if I suggest that your personal appearance is not sufficiently impressive. I illustrate what I mean. Your forensic costume is correct, your dress appropriate, your whiskers are according to a well-known and universally accepted pattern, "the mutton chop." But you lack, dare I say the word, "Devil," or rather "go" ("go" is better, and I adopt it). Now my idea is that, with your undoubted ability, it is worth while making a series of experiments in your personal appearance, with the view of ascertaining whether the success you undoubtedly deserve can any longer be denied to you. *In primis*, you must sacrifice your whiskers. I know this may bring trouble at home; but if the importance of the situation is urged, I fancy the opposition will give way, or at any rate compromise, for moustaches to be grown at the sea-side during the Long Vacation.

I remember a friend of mine who sacrificed his moustaches on taking silk, overcoming a good deal of hostile domestic feeling by having them mounted on a Christmas card with some appropriate verses. I don't see why you should not do something in this line with your whiskers. Having got rid of the whiskers, I would suggest that you should put yourself into the hands of an expert, like Mr. CLARKSON, the theatrical *perruquier*, in

order that you may appear as the spry, incisive barrister. The wig must be uncurled, and rendered less formal, but your collars and bands must be as stiff as starch can make them. CLARKSON will give you a heavy eyebrow, and you will wear a glass. Your manner will be short and sharp, your gestures quick and emphatic, you will not brook contradiction, and your power of self-assertion must be unlimited.

I have great faith in this type, but should it fail after a fair trial, I would recommend the following change. The wig should be straightened out. The heavy eyebrow removed, the glass laid aside. CLARKSON should produce you as the jocular genial counsellor. This should be achieved by raising the colour of, and bringing into prominence, your cheek; a slight redness on the nose indispensable in true comedy. You will assume a quaint and quiet mien; but your eye must twinkle (CLARKSON will see to this).

The last type that I would suggest to you in this letter as worthy of a trial is the erudite counsel, for this character you will require whiskers, but not the formal pattern you now wear. They must be irregular and straggly. The face a good deal lined, and heavy spectacles; collar and bands limp. Affect to be suffering from short sight, and let your excellent clerk see that you are regularly supplied in Court with legal works, black letter preferred, which you will diligently study about three inches from your nose.

My dear BRIEFLLESS, I shall be anxious to learn what you think of my suggestions, and to give you others should these fail after fair trial.

Yours, WELL-WISHER.



## PHILANTHROPY à LA MODE.

A SITTING for the Public Examination of the Directors and Officers of the Children's Benevolent Bank was held recently before the Presiding Authority. Although eighty witnesses were required to appear, only the Secretary attended. It transpired that the Institution was registered for the purposes of transacting the business of bankers and money lenders. The insolvency of the Bank was attributed to its funds having been advanced on inadequate or worthless securities.

The Secretary, having been called, was examined by the Presiding Authority. He said he was appointed *pro tem*, but had nothing to do with the composition of the prospectus. Two hundred million prospectuses were issued in China, Japan and other charitable companies. The alleged object of the Bank was to assist infants of tender years at times of pecuniary difficulty.

*The Presiding Authority.* Was not the prospectus a combination of cant and cuteness?

The Witness admitted that such was the case. He was not responsible for the prospectus. That was the work of the promoter, who received two-thirds of the shares as a consideration for the trouble he had taken in establishing the Institution. The other shares, worth apparently £100 each, were issued at a very considerable discount.

*The Presiding Authority.* Is it not a fact that some of the £100 shares were sold at twopence a-piece?

The Witness was not prepared to answer that question in the affirmative. However, he had certainly heard (on reliable authority) that some of the shares were purchased at the sum per share of twopence halfpenny. He did not consider this a disproportionate sum for the value of the investment.

*The Presiding Authority.* Why did the Promoter receive two-thirds of the shares of the Institution?

*The Secretary.* For forming and floating the Company.

*The Presiding Authority.* And what became of the funds that were actually received by issuing the debentures at the large discount you have mentioned?

*The Secretary.* They were sent to the Promoter.

*The Presiding Authority.* And where is that official?

*The Secretary.* I believe that he is residing abroad.

[The inquiry was then adjourned sine die.]

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